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CIRCUS ANIMALS

HOW THE ANIMALS CAME TO THE CIRCUS

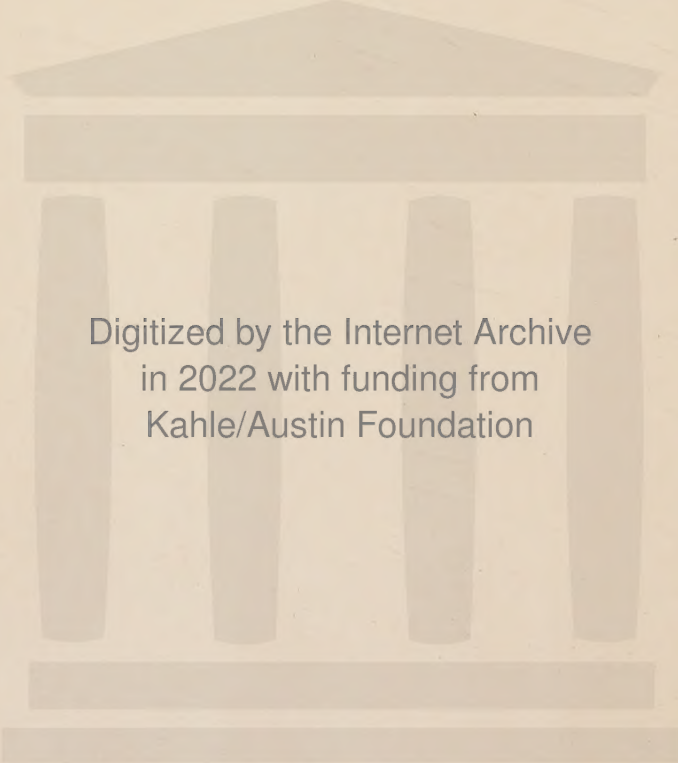


STORIES by ELIZABETH GALE

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(HOW THE ANIMALS CAME TO THE CIRCUS)

By

ELIZABETH GALE

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Made in U. S. A.

*To all children who love the circus
and the circus animals*



DEAR CHILDREN:

*When you read these tales
About our friends in cages,
You'll want to ask some questions
That would puzzle even sages.*

*But I love to answer hard ones,
So step right up to me
When you come to the circus,
And ask me two or three.*

*Don't be shy or bashful,
But speak out clear and loud,
Because there's always lots of noise
When you are in a crowd.*

*Hoping I may see you, then,
When next I come to town,
I am truly, as you know,
Laughingly yours,*

THE CLOWN



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"O Mr. Lion, don't you wish you could climb like this?"

CIRCUS ANIMALS

TAWNY, THE TIGER

Once there was a tiger named Tawny. He lived in the Great Woods with the lion and all the other animals. But nobody liked him because he used to go about the Great Woods boasting. Tawny told everyone how clever he was and how much he could do.

Every time he met the lion he would jump into a tree and laugh and say, "O Mr. Lion, see what I can do! Don't you wish *you* could climb like this?"

Now of course the lion didn't like this, because he can't climb at all. He wishes very much that he could.

Then every time Tawny met Bump, the clumsy bear, he would dance and prance and roll about.

“O Mr. Bear,” he would say, “see what I can do! Don’t you wish *you* were as graceful as I?”

Of course the bear didn’t like this, because he is not at all graceful. He wishes very much that he were.

Every time Tawny found the boa constrictor curled up on his sunny sleeping-rock he would lie down at a little distance. Then he would begin to sing his sweetest song. Did you ever hear a tiger sing? Well, it sounds just like the purring of a great big pussy cat.

When Tawny had finished singing, he would laugh and say, “O Mr. Boa Constrictor, haven’t I a lovely voice? Don’t you wish *you* could sing as well as I?”

Of course the boa constrictor didn’t like that, because he can’t sing at all. He wishes *very much* that he could.

And so it was with all the animals in the Great Woods. Whenever Tawny met them, he would brag about what *he* could



do. And he would laugh at them because they were not so bright as he.

Well, everybody hoped that when Tawny grew older he would have more sense and better manners. But he didn't. The more things he learned to do, the more boastful he became, until all the animals in the Great Woods tried their best to get rid of him.

First the lion tried to coax him to go away. He told him what good things he could find to eat in another woods in a far distant country.

But Tawny just licked his chops and said, "I find some pretty good things right here."

And he wouldn't go a step.

The boa constrictor thought he could get the tiger to leave. He told him what wonderful things there were to be seen in another woods far, far away.

But Tawny just blinked his eyes and said, "I like what I see right here, don't you?"

And he wouldn't go a step.

Then Bump, the bear, tried hard to drive him away by grumbling. He told him what a poor place the Great Woods was to live in.

But Tawny just grinned and said, "It suits me here."

And he wouldn't go a step.

At last, since they couldn't get rid of Tawny, all the animals tried to keep out of his way. When they would hear him coming, they would jump aside and hide in the bushes until he had passed. By and by Tawny began to feel that he owned the whole Great Woods. He thought everyone



"This is my path! Get out of my way!"

ought to get out of his way. Sometimes he would run roaring down the paths just for the fun of seeing the other animals scamper.

This went on for some time. Then, one day when the boastful tiger was roaming through the woods, whom should he meet but the porcupine! This animal came walking slowly down the path, his heavy quills rattling at every step.

Now, since the porcupine lived in a very lonely corner of the Great Woods, Tawny had never seen him before. But the minute he laid eyes on the porcupine he arched his back, snapped his teeth, and cried, "This is my path! Get out of my way!"

Tawny, you see, was not at all polite, even to strangers. But the porcupine didn't seem to mind at all. He kept right on walking slowly down the path. His heavy quills rattled at every step.

So Tawny snarled again, "Get out of my way, you ugly creature!"



Still the porcupine came steadily on. Again and again Tawny shouted at him, but never once did the porcupine seem to hear.



Then the tiger began to boast. He told about all the wonderful things he had done and about the still more wonderful things he could do if he wanted to. But, somehow, the porcupine didn't seem one bit interested. He kept right on coming down the path. Nearer and nearer he came to the boastful tiger who crouched there. He lashed his tail and snapped his teeth and threatened all sorts of dreadful things if

the porcupine should dare to take another step. The porcupine did dare, for his business took him along that path and he knew the tiger had no right to drive him out of it. He came right on until Tawny lifted his paw to strike. Then he stood still and every one of his strong, sharp quills rose straight up in the air.

Slap! went Tawny's heavy paw, and then, "Wow-oo-oo!" cried Tawny, as he jumped back with his paw full of quills. The porcupine went right on again, walking slowly down the path because his business took him that way. In a few minutes he was out of sight.

"Wow! Oo-oo! Hoo-oo!" roared Tawny. "Somebody come and help me pull these things out!"

But nobody came, for all the other animals in the Great Woods had heard a sound. Tawny had not noticed it because he was so busy teasing the porcupine. When he finally did hear the noise, it was

too late to hide. He could not run away with his paw full of porcupine quills. The next minute the Great Hunter came along. There stood Tawny, feeling foolish and not a bit boastful. In all the Great Hunter's long hunting life he never caught any animal more easily than he did the tiger.

Of course he was kind to Tawny. When he got him home he pulled the quills out of his paw. Then he sold him to the Circus Man.

When you go to the circus you will find him there in the cage that usually stands next to the Greedy Lion. But now Tawny is not boastful, for he has learned how foolish it is. He remembers, too, that, in spite of all the tricks he could do, it was a *very* small animal who at last got the better of him.



"You are old enough now to find your own food"

LITTLE BLACKIE BEAR

Not so very long ago Little Blackie Bear lived in the Great Woods with his mother. Their home was in the big cave near the old chestnut tree. Here they lived together very cozily.

One day Mother Bear said to Blackie, "You are old enough now to go out into the Great Woods and find your own food."

"Very well, Mother," said Blackie. "But first tell me, please, what is good to eat?"

"Rabbits, wrens, muskrats, and men will do to begin with," answered Mother Bear.

So Little Blackie kissed his mother good-bye and started out into the Great Woods. He had not gone far when he met a rabbit.

"Ho!" said Blackie, "I believe you are good to eat!"

"Oh, no!" said the rabbit. "I am not at all good to eat until I have run a mile."

“Well, start off then,” said Blackie; “it’s growing late. I’ve had no breakfast this morning and I’m getting pretty hungry.”

So the rabbit started off, and Blackie after him. They ran and ran until they came to a little hole under a big stump. Quicker than you could wink, the rabbit slid into it and was gone. Although Little Blackie Bear waited a long time, the rabbit did not come back again. But after a while a little wren hopped almost under his nose.

“Ho!” said Blackie, “I believe you are good to eat!”

“Oh, no!” said the wren. “I am not at all good to eat until I have flown to the top of that tall tree.”

“Very well, then,” said Blackie, “hurry up and fly there. It’s growing late and I’m hungry, for I’ve had no breakfast this morning.”

So the wren flew over the tree tops and was gone. Although Little Blackie Bear



waited a long, long time, she did not come back again. But soon he saw a muskrat on the edge of a near-by stream. Blackie ran over to him and said, "I believe, sir, you are good to eat!"

"Oh, no!" said the muskrat. "I am not at all good to eat until I have had a swim." Then he slid into the water. In a few moments he climbed up on top of his house in the middle of the stream. There he sat.

After a while Blackie called out to him, "Well, Mr. Muskrat, aren't you good to eat yet?"

“Oh, yes,” said the muskrat. “I’m good enough now, but it would spoil me to swim back.”

“Dear me!” sighed Blackie, “it’s away past dinner time and I’ve had no breakfast yet!”

He turned from the stream feeling very sad. But he had not gone far when he saw a man. This man had a gun over his shoulder, for he was a Great Hunter.

“Ho!” said Blackie, and it sounded very much like a growl when he said it. “Ho! I believe you are good to eat!”

“Oh, no!” said the man. “I am not at all good to eat until I have run a long way.”

He threw down his gun, for he was a Great Hunter and knew just what to do. He started to run. Blackie ran after him. They ran until they came to a little house beside a road. The door was open, so the man ran right in. By the time Blackie got there the man had climbed up a ladder



*"I am good enough now," said the Muskrat, "but it would
spoil me to swim back"*



and through a hole in the ceiling. He had pulled the ladder up after him.

“Ho!” said Blackie, “come down here! You are good to eat now!”

“Yes,” said the man, “I believe I’m very good to eat, but I don’t care about being eaten. If you are hungry, just step into the pantry and help yourself to what you find. The door, you will see, is wide open.”

So Blackie ran into the pantry. There he found pies and cakes, bread and meat,

jam, and lots of good things. He began to eat at once, for he had had no breakfast and was nearly starved.

Then the man sent his wife downstairs, for he was a Great Hunter, you remember, and knew just what to do. His wife shut and locked the pantry door so quickly that Blackie was a prisoner before he knew it. But he didn't mind at all, for he was busy eating the pies and cakes and all the good things he had found in the pantry. When he could eat no more, he stretched out on the floor and soon was fast asleep.

In the morning he was awake bright and early, but not before the Great Hunter. For, when Blackie opened his eyes, there stood the hunter looking through the pantry window at him.

"Ho!" said Blackie, "shall I eat you this morning?"

"Oh, no!" said the hunter. "You'll never need to trouble yourself again about looking for food in the Great Woods. I'm going

to put you in a cage and sell you to the Circus Man, and he'll feed you every day."

So the hunter put Little Blackie Bear into a cage and sold him to the Circus Man. Now, when you go to the circus, you may see him there. Some day perhaps you may get there in time to see the Circus Man feed him.





SILVER TAIL, THE CIRCUS HORSE

When Silver Tail was a frisky colt he lived with Farmer Doan, and a little boy named Ben took care of him. Silver Tail was very fond of Ben, and Ben loved him better than he did any of the other horses. As soon as Silver Tail was old enough to



"O Silver Tail, are you going to leave me?"

learn, Ben taught him things that most horses never know.

He learned to say, "Good morning"—not the way we say it, of course, but it meant the same thing. When any one would come to him and say, "Good morning, Silver Tail," he would nod his head and whinny. And then Ben taught him to kneel. Very few people teach their horses to do that.

Silver Tail was growing up to be a beautiful, strong white horse. One day Mr. Bond, who lived about a mile away, came over to Farmer Doan's. He saw Silver Tail running about in the pasture lot. He liked the horse so much that he bought him.

Ben was just coming home from school when Mr. Bond led the horse out of the gate and down the road. The little boy felt so badly that he stood still and cried.

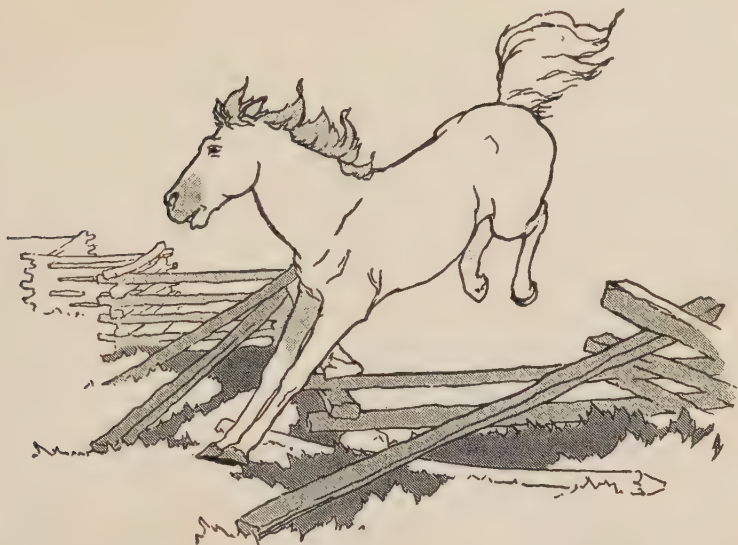
"O Silver Tail," he said, "are you going to leave me?"

Then Silver Tail tried to break away from Mr. Bond and run back to Ben. But

he couldn't because they had put a halter over his head and he was held fast by that.

When the man and horse reached the pasture where Mr. Bond meant to keep him, Silver Tail did not want to go in. So Mr. Bond whipped him. Now never before in his life had Silver Tail been whipped and he did not like it at all. So, when it grew dark and everyone had gone to bed, he quietly lifted off the top rails of the fence with his teeth. Then he jumped over the other two low rails, and ran home to Farmer Doan's.

The next morning when Ben looked out of his bedroom window he saw the beautiful white horse walking about the back yard. He was nipping at the apple trees and flowers and at everything else that looked as if it might taste good. Oh, how glad Ben was to see him! He got into his clothes as fast as he could and ran down into the yard. He threw his arms about



the horse's neck and told him how glad he was to have him back again. Then Silver Tail rubbed his nose against Ben's face. The horse whinnied and told the boy, as plainly as he could, how glad *he* was to see him.

But when Farmer Doan came down, he was not one single bit glad to see Silver Tail. He told Ben to take the horse right straight back to Mr. Bond even before he had had his breakfast.



Ben didn't like to do it, but, of course, he had to do as he was told. So, very sadly, he led Silver Tail back to Mr. Bond's and left him there.

Mr. Bond whipped Silver Tail for running away. Of course Silver Tail didn't understand and didn't like the whipping. So he ran away again the next day and the next and the next. Each time he went back to Farmer Doan's to find Ben, and each time Farmer Doan sent him straight back

to Mr. Bond and Mr. Bond whipped him again.

The man never seemed to think of being kind to Silver Tail and of making things pleasant so that the horse would want to stay in his new home.

But one day when Silver Tail was running away he stumbled on something and hurt his foot. When Mr. Bond got him back again the horse was lame. Then Mr. Bond was angry. He went over to Farmer Doan and wanted his money back.

"What good is a horse that I can't keep in a pasture?" he said. "He takes down the pasture bars and lets out all the other horses, too. Now he has gone lame. He is no good at all."

But Farmer Doan would not give the money back to Mr. Bond, for now he did not want Silver Tail.

"The winter is coming on," he said, "and I'm not going to feed and care for a lame horse that can't work."

When Mr. Bond tried to sell Silver Tail to other people, they all said the same thing. Nobody wanted to take care of a lame horse that couldn't work.

At last, one day when Silver Tail ran away, no one came to look for him. He wandered up and down the road, through the woods, and over the hills. Nobody seemed to care. At first it felt good to be free, but after a few days he grew tired of it. It was lonely wandering about all by himself.

He was often hungry, too, for he had been used to having a good meal of oats every day and he missed it. Of course grass is good, but every horse likes to have oats once in a while. Silver Tail's lovely white coat soon grew rough and shaggy. It was stained with mud. Here and there bunches of burs clung to it. Yes, Silver Tail was a tramp horse now. Few people would have guessed that he had once been beautiful.



He wandered up and down the road, through the woods, and over the hills



“What a sorry-looking old horse!” people would say if they happened to see him go limping slowly down the road.

Sometimes when he met Mr. Bond or Farmer Doan they would snap their whips or throw stones at him. He would gallop off limping, getting out of the way as fast as he could. But one cold, rainy day in the late fall he saw Ben going along the road ahead of him. The boy was on his way from school. Silver Tail threw up his head with a glad whinny and trotted up to Ben as fast as he could go. Silver Tail put his nose right over Ben’s shoulder.

“Why, hello, Silver Tail!” cried Ben.
“Dear old fellow!”

How he hugged Silver Tail and patted him! But he cried a little, too, when he saw how lame the poor horse was.

“O Silver Tail! What is going to become of you this winter?” he said.

While Ben and Silver Tail stood there in the cold and rain, a carriage drove up beside them. Ben stopped crying. A pleasant looking man leaned out and said, “Well, my boy, what seems to be the trouble?”

“Oh,” said Ben, “Silver Tail has no place to go.”

Then he told the man how Silver Tail had been sold and how he had run away because Mr. Bond was cruel to him. He told the man that he had taught Silver Tail tricks when he was a colt. He told him how much he thought of the horse.

“But I have no place to keep him,” said Ben. “No one else will have the horse now because he has hurt his foot.”

The man got down and looked at Silver Tail's lame foot.

"That's nothing to worry about," he said as he climbed back into his carriage. "With a little care it will soon be well. I believe I can make use of this horse. Jump in, boy, and get him to follow us up to Mr. Bond's."

But Silver Tail would not follow even Ben back to Mr. Bond's house. So Ben had to get out of the carriage again and let the man go alone. He waited in the rain with Silver Tail.

The man was not gone long. When he came driving up the road again, he was laughing merrily.

"I've bought the horse for a song!" he cried, as he stopped beside Ben and Silver Tail.

"Mr. Bond was glad to take anything for him. I am going to put Silver Tail in my circus."

For, you see, he was the Circus Man.



Ben and Silver Tail



He put Silver Tail in his circus and treated him so well that Silver Tail would not leave him for any one in the wide world.

Every day when the band begins to play and the people come to the circus, Silver Tail runs out into the ring. A little girl rides on his back and jumps through a paper hoop. When she wants to get down, Silver Tail kneels, just as Ben taught him to do, and she steps off easily to the ground.

The Circus Man has given Ben a pass so that he can go to the circus without a ticket any time he wants to. So Ben often goes to see Silver Tail. The boy is glad to see the horse so well cared for and so happy. Silver Tail says he is going to stay with the circus just as long as the children come there to see him.



THE MONKEY AND THE PARROT

One day Myko, the little monkey, was climbing and jumping and swinging through the trees of the Great Woods. He met Mr. and Mrs. Squirrel scampering along and chattering as hard as they could chatter.

“Hello!” he called. “What are you two so busy about this morning?”

“We are house hunting,” answered Mrs. Squirrel with a whisk of her bushy tail.

"The old tree where we used to live blew down yesterday in the storm. We must find another home before night. What are you doing, Myko?"

Now, Myko was not really doing anything. But he always thought it great fun to do what he saw other people do, so he tried to look very serious as he said, "Why, I'm house hunting, too."

"I wish you luck, then, for everyone needs a good place to live in," said Mr. Squirrel. "Come, my dear, we must hurry along. Good-by, Myko."

And off Mr. and Mrs. Squirrel scampered. Myko went on climbing and jumping and swinging through the trees of the Great Woods.

By and by he met Miss Proud Parrot fluffing her feathers in the sun.

"Good morning!" Miss Parrot called out to him. "Where are you going this morning, Myko? You seem to be in a great hurry."

"I am," said Myko. "I am house hunting."

"House hunting!" cried Miss Parrot. "What sort of house are you hunting for?"

Myko had not thought of that before. But he tried to look very wise as he swung from a limb by his tail.

He answered, "I am hunting for the most beautiful house you ever saw."

"Oh!" cried Miss Proud Parrot, "that is just the sort of house I should like to live in! Let me go house hunting with you."

So Myko and Miss Proud Parrot started off together. They hurried on and on and on through the trees of the Great Woods. At last they came to Mr. Wise Owl, who was sleeping near the top of a tall tree. He woke up as they came hurrying by.

"Hello, there!" he called. "Where are you two going so fast?"

"We are going house hunting," answered Myko with a grin. He was proud to have so much business on hand.



“What sort of house are you hunting for?”

"And what sort of house are you hunting for?" asked Mr. Owl.

"The most beautiful house you ever saw!" cried Miss Proud Parrot, not waiting for Myko to answer. "Can you tell me where to find it?"

Mr. Owl scratched his head and thought a minute.

"Why, yes," he said, "I can tell you where to find it, but it is far, far away from the Great Woods."

"Oh, that doesn't matter!" cried Miss Parrot.

"Of course it doesn't," laughed Myko. "I think it would be fun to go away from the woods for a while."

"Then," said Mr. Owl, "I will tell you how to find the most beautiful house you ever saw. Go first to the edge of this forest. There you will find the Muddy Stream. Cross that and you will find yourself on the Grassy Plain. Cross the Grassy Plain and you will find yourself on the



Sandy Desert. Cross the Sandy Desert to the Beautiful Green Country. There you will find the City of Men. In the City of Men you will find, not one, but a great many of the most beautiful houses you ever saw. The wonderful thing about the City of Men is that the animals who live there have their food brought to their house every day. They don't have to go out and hunt for it as we do."

"Oh, wouldn't that be lovely!" cried Miss Proud Parrot. "If I lived there, I could fluff my feathers all day long! Let us hurry, *hurry*, HURRY!"



So off she flew with Myko. On and on and on they went until they came to the edge of the Great Woods. There they saw a strange-looking box made of iron bars.

"It's a house!" cried Myko. "I know it's a house!"

"But it is not the most beautiful house I ever saw," said the parrot. "Besides, we

have not crossed the Muddy Stream or the Grassy Plain or the Sandy Desert or the Beautiful Green Country. We have not even seen the City of Men. So this can't be the place Mr. Wise Owl meant."

"Never mind," said Myko; "it's a house, anyway. The door is open, so I am going in"—and in he jumped.

There on the floor he found bananas and oranges and nuts and some lovely round seed cakes.

"Oh, it is just as Mr. Wise Owl said it would be!" he cried. "The house is full of food! Come on in."

But Miss Proud Parrot would not come.

"I don't want to live in a house like that," she said. "It isn't one bit pretty."

And she sat out in the sun and fluffed her feathers while she tried to think what to do next.

"Well," said Myko after a while, "if you don't like the house, maybe you will like what is in it."

And he threw her a piece of seed cake. Miss Proud Parrot picked it up and ate it. It was so good that she wanted more.

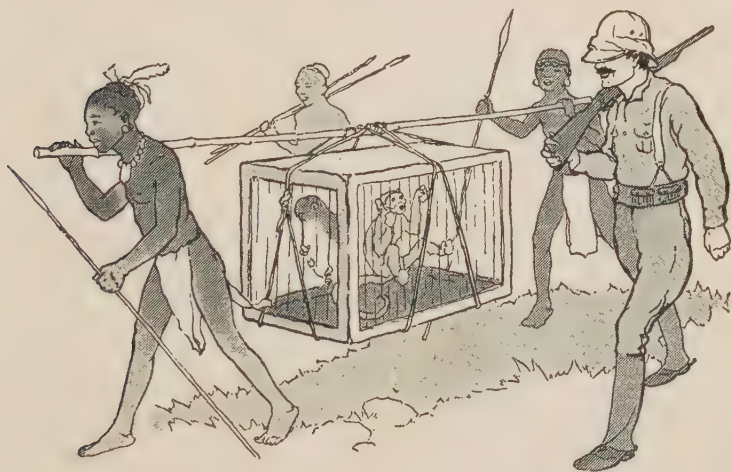
So she called to Myko, "Throw me some more, Myko. Throw me some more."

But the little monkey was too busy eating to throw her any more seed cakes. So, by and by, Miss Parrot flew in to get some for herself. The moment she was inside *slam! bang!!* went the door. She and Myko were caught in the trap. Yes, the house was a trap, which the Great Hunter had set. Then the Great Hunter, and all the little hunters who had helped him, came out of the bushes where they had been hiding. They went home and took Myko and Miss Proud Parrot with them.

They took them over the Muddy Stream, across the Grassy Plain, across the Sandy Desert, and through the Beautiful Green Country to the wonderful City of Men. When they reached the city, Myko and Miss Proud Parrot heard music. They sat

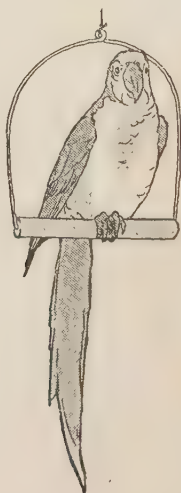
very still to listen, for they had never heard anything like it before.

The music grew louder as they went on. By and by they came right up close to it. Yes, it was the circus band playing. The



Great Hunter was taking them right to the circus. When they reached there, they found the Circus Man waiting for them. He was glad to see them. He took Myko right out of the trap and put him into a cage with three other monkeys for company. There he is still, living happily with his new friends.

Miss Proud Parrot was put into a beautiful gold cage all by herself. Oh, how pleased she was! All day long she sits there now, fluffing her feathers in the sun. She thinks she has the most beautiful house in all the world. Ask her about it when you see her. Perhaps she will tell you how much she likes it, for she has learned to speak the language of men. If you happen to catch her at the right time, she will talk to you by the hour.



SNOW, THE POLAR BEAR

At the circus you will find a big white cage. In it is a big white bear whose name is Snow. He has not always lived there, for his old home was up among the ice and snow of the polar regions.

One of the first things Snow can remember is going fishing with his mother. They would climb down the steep mountains of ice and snow until they came to the water. Standing close to the edge of the ice, Mother Bear would wait until she saw a fish swimming by. Then, quick as a wink, she would drop her paw into the water and drag the fish out on the icy shore. Little Snow, who had been watching eagerly, would now jump forward. Then Mother Bear would show him how little bears should eat.

Sometimes they caught a seal asleep and had that for dinner instead of fish. Once

in a while they found some bird's eggs and ate them for dessert.

Snow loved to roll and tumble and climb about on the ice. He loved to go swimming with his mother. He thought it great fun to catch hold of her stubby little tail and make her pull him through the water. Every time he did it she scolded him and shook him off. You see, she wanted him to learn to be a strong swimmer so that he could take care of himself. But of all the many things bears can do he liked fishing best.

"Mother," he said one day, "when are you going to let me fish?"

"Just as soon as you are old enough I'll teach you how to fish," Mother Bear answered.

"But I want to do it *now*," cried Snow.

"It is wiser to wait," said mother.

But Snow did not want to wait.

"I don't need to be taught," he thought.
"I know how now. You just stand still



They found some bird's eggs and ate them for dessert

and wait until a fish comes swimming by. Then, quick as a wink, you put in your paw and snatch him."

When it was time for their afternoon nap, Snow curled up beside his mother. There he lay until he was sure she was fast asleep. At last he stood up very, very carefully, so as not to wake her. He took a few soft steps and looked around. Mother Bear was still fast asleep and did not notice him, so he trotted off toward the water.

It was much farther than he had thought it would be, but after a while he came to the edge of the ice. There he stood very quietly, just as he had seen his mother do. He waited a long time, but not a single fish came by.

At last he grew cross.

"I wish you'd hurry up," he growled. "I don't like standing still."

The fish said never a word, but one of them peeked out to see what that funny



little noise was. Snow saw him. Quick as a wink Snow put out his paw to catch the fish, but he did not know just how to do it. He leaned too far forward, lost his balance, and went head first into the cold, dark water.

But that was not the worst of it. Not far away was a boat full of men. They were rowing toward him just as fast as they could row. Of course Snow could swim,



but he couldn't swim quite fast enough. Before long they caught him. They carried him to a great big ship. The next day the ship sailed off, taking him far, far away from the lovely, cold polar regions.

After a long time they came to a big city where the captain of the ship lived. Here Snow was taken ashore and given to the Circus Man.

The Circus Man put him in the big white cage, where you see him now. He took such good care of Snow that he grew

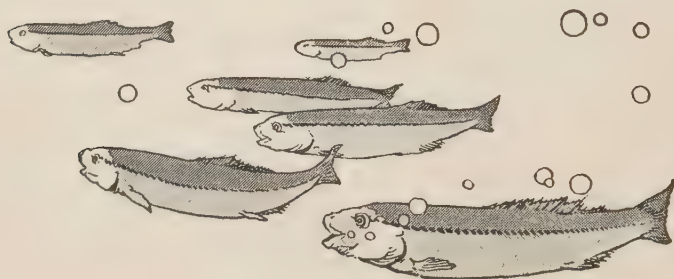
to be a great big bear. The Circus Man taught him to do tricks, too.

Now every day when the people come to the circus, Snow sits in a chair and rings a bell. He walks around on his hind legs and bows to the ladies. He is proud of his tricks and likes to hear the people clap their hands. Yet he often thinks of his beautiful, cold, snowy home in the north.



How he wishes he could go back and have more fun fishing with his mother!

He stands in his cage, slowly shaking his head at the crowd of children standing about. He would like to say if he knew how, "Little boys and girls, never, never, *never* run away from your mother and go fishing."

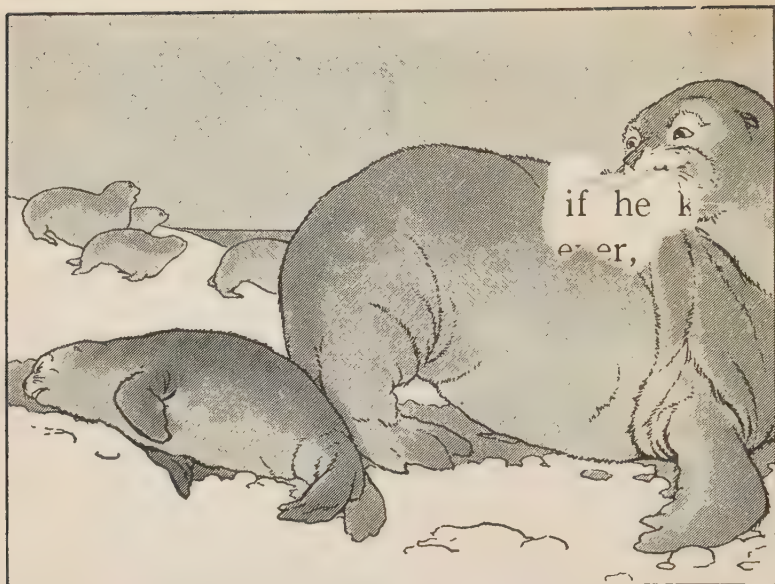


THE SLEEPY SEAL

"The Sleepy Seal"! That is what every one calls him, for he was caught because he was a sleepyhead. He has another name, though—Sam. You will see it painted in big letters on his tank.

He used to live on the shores of Greenland. Greenland is not a bit like its name. It is a cold, snowy place and a great deal of its shore is always covered with ice. Sam and his mother and all their friends used to lie on the shore and sun themselves. All day long they lay asleep, unless a bear or a man happened along. When this happened they would dive quickly into the water. There they would stay until the bear or the man went away again.

Last year the seals had a pretty hard time of it. There seemed to be more bears and men around than ever before. Sam's mother was worried, because whenever she



would wake him up and say, "Come, son, hurry! They are after us!" he would roll right over and go to sleep again.

Then she would have the hardest sort of time to get him safely off the shore and into the water before the bear or man came upon them.

One day some sailors hid behind the rocks and piled-up cakes of ice. Then,

before any one saw them, they crawled along until they were right up close to the seals. An old seal who was watching gave a warning bark. All the seals began to scurry for the water. That is, all but Sam—he was fast asleep.

“Come, son!” cried Mrs. Seal. “Hurry, child, hurry! They are *here!*”

“All right, Mother,” said Sam. When he said that, it sounded as if he were wide awake.

So his mother hurried off with the other seals and slid quickly into the water. You see, she thought her son was close behind her, but he wasn’t. He had rolled right over again and gone to sleep.

The first thing he knew, one of the sailors had picked him up in his arms and was carrying him back to the boat. Sam wiggled and squirmed and barked and cried, but it was all of no use. The sailor had him fast and held on tight until they reached the great big ship. There they fed the sleepy



One of the sailors had picked Sam up in his arms

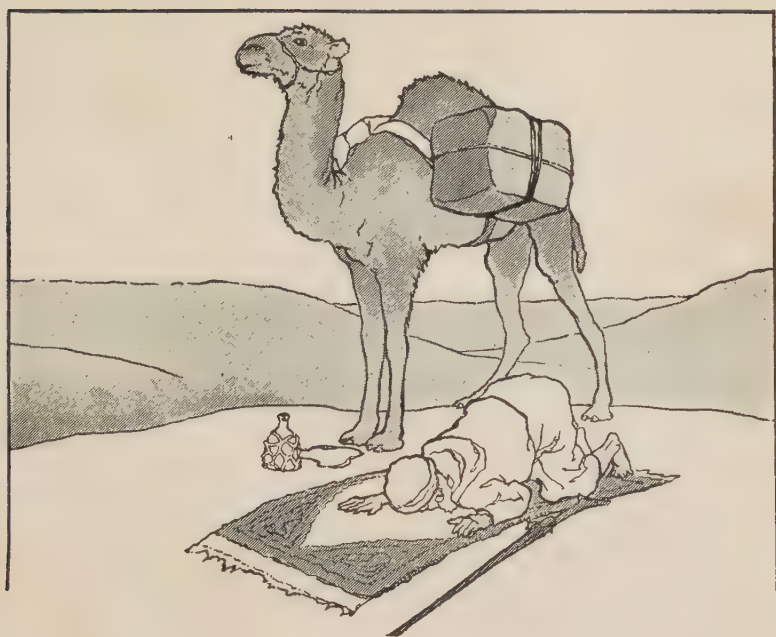
little seal and made him as comfortable as they could.

By and by they had sailed back home to the City of Men. Here the sailor who had caught Sam sold him to the Circus Man. So there he is now at the circus. He still sleeps a good deal, but the circus people have grown fond of him. This is because he is one of the gentlest of the circus animals. And he is very bright, too. He has already learned to dance. If you take your harmonica to the circus and play a lively dance tune beside his tank he will begin to dance, moving backward and forward, and sidewise. He does not dance as well as you can, perhaps, but still he dances. Some day when he grows a little older he is going to learn a great many more tricks, for the Circus Man is going to have a special teacher for him.

Sam seems to like the circus pretty well and seldom complains. Of course he would have a great deal more fun if he were up

on the shores of Greenland sunning himself and playing with his friends. You see, it does not pay to be a sleepyhead. Sam lost a lot that time by sleeping. And he still often misses good things because he will not wake up when the Circus Man calls him.





THE CAMEL

Once there was a black-nosed, woolly camel. His name was Abdul Bey. He and his master used to take long journeys together across the Sandy Desert. They carried dates and tea and silk to the people

who lived in the Far Country on the other side of the Desert.

Abdul Bey thought that nothing in the world was quite so much fun as to tramp, tramp, tramp over the hot sand through the bright, sunny days. And then when night came it was pleasant to lie down and sleep with the glittering, starry sky for his roof.

The Desert looks like a rolling ocean of sand. Sometimes as Abdul Bey and his master traveled along they would come to a fresh green spot in the yellow sand. It made you think of an island in the sea. Here there were trees and grass and a spring of water. How glad they would be to reach such a spot! They would rest in the shade and eat of their lunch and have a regular picnic.

Well, one day Abdul Bey and his master were resting in one of these green, shady places. A great number of other camels and men came riding up.



"Come along with us and let the Sultan see your camel, too"

“Have you heard the news?” cried the men. “The Sultan wants to buy a camel



for his daughter to ride. It must be the very best camel that can be found, young and sound and gentle and not afraid of anything. The Sultan has ordered all the camels in the land to be brought to the city so that he may choose the one he likes best. You must come along with us and let him see your camel, too.”

So Abdul Bey and his master went with the others to the Sultan's city. There they found the Sultan sitting on his throne looking carefully at a long line of camels as they walked slowly past him. The Sultan was a little, round, fat man with a big yellow turban on his head and a wide red sash about his waist. He seemed to be very, very particular, for none of the camels pleased him. He frowned as the long line went walking slowly by.



Abdul Bey trembled when it came his turn to pass before the sharp, beady black eyes of the Sultan. But he held his head high and tried to walk as softly as if he already were carrying the Princess on his back.

When the Sultan saw him, he cried, "That is the finest camel I have seen yet! Bring him around to my park and we shall see if he is as good as he looks."

So Abdul Bey was taken to the park, and the Sultan did a great many things to find out how gentle he was. When he was sure Abdul Bey was gentle enough to be trusted with his daughter, the Sultan tried to find out how brave he was. He ordered his dogs to come and bark at the camel, but Abdul Bey did not mind that a bit. The Sultan gave orders that a gun be shot off right beside him, but Abdul Bey did not even wink an eye. He was not afraid of the dark. He was not afraid of anything they could think of. So they said he was



Abdul Bey takes the Princess for a ride

the bravest camel in the world and the Sultan bought him.

But all the time they were very much mistaken, for Abdul Bey was really the



biggest sort of coward. Do you know what he was afraid of? He was afraid of being laughed at! And the very next day, when he took the Princess out for the first time, some one laughed at him.

The Princess sat on his back under a canopy of silk. On her arms and on her ankles were bracelets of gold and she waved a fan of bright-colored feathers. Silken scarfs and bright ribbons floated about Abdul Bey as he walked. On his fine new harness tinkled little silver bells. The streets were crowded with people who had come to watch them pass. Abdul Bey felt so proud that, had he known how, he would have sung for joy.

“How much better this is than carrying dates and tea and silk on my back! What a lucky camel I am!” he thought as he carried the Princess carefully down the street.

But scarcely had the thought entered his head when who should come along but the elephant called Tease. Everyone who knew him could see by the gleam in his eye that he meant mischief.

Abdul Bey never gave him so much as a glance. He went right on his way,

carrying the Princess carefully down the street.

Tease waited until Abdul Bey came up close to him. Then he lifted his trunk,



which was full of a horrible, white, sticky paste, and blew it right into the camel's face and all over his long neck. But he never touched the Princess. He knew better than to do that.

For a minute Abdul Bey did not know what had happened. Then he saw the white paste running down his black nose. He heard all the people laugh and shout, "Oh, doesn't Abdul Bey look funny!"

When Abdul Bey heard that, he forgot about the Princess on his back. He forgot about the beautiful silken scarfs and ribbons. He forgot about everything except that he was afraid of being laughed at and he began to run. Right down the street he ran and out to the Sandy Desert.

"Stop him! Stop him!" shouted the people.

But Abdul Bey ran so fast that nobody could.

"Catch him! Catch him!" cried the people.

But before anybody could get well started Abdul Bey was out of sight. Faster and faster he ran, on and on and on over the rolling desert of sand. His feet seemed scarcely to touch the ground. The city and

its people were left far, far behind. But he kept right on running because he was afraid some one might see him again. *He was afraid of being laughed at!*

After a long, long time he had run himself all out of breath. It was almost evening. At last he reached one of those beautiful fresh green spots in the desert where there are trees and a spring of water. Abdul Bey stopped to take a drink. After he had had his drink he thought about the Princess and looked around.

Now, what do you suppose had happened? The Princess and the canopy and everything else that had been on his back were gone!

"Why, where in the world—" he began, but he got no farther.

The Great Hunter, who is always in the right place at the right time, stepped up and said, "Camel, where is your master?"

The camel answered never a word, for he had run so far away that he did know

where his master was. To this day he has never been able to find him. That is why



the Great Hunter took Abdul Bey to the Circus Man, and he has lived at the circus ever since.

It was too bad to lose such a beautiful home near the wonderful Sandy Desert which he loved so well. He lost it just because he was afraid of being laughed at. It was even worse to lose the lovely Princess. By the way, if you could tell

Abdul Bey what became of the Princess, the canopy, and all the rest of the things that were on his back that day when he ran away, it would be a great comfort to him. For he often spends whole hours wondering about it.



FRITZ, THE LITTLE TRAMP DOG

Fritz was a little black and white dog who had no home. Sometimes he slept in an old tumble-down barn, and sometimes he slept out on the hard ground. Yet, he was a good-natured, playful little fellow. He had one true friend who loved him dearly. This friend was the postman. Every day Fritz would watch for him on the street corner near the old barn. Then, when the man came, Fritz would dance around him and bark a glad "Good morning!"

It was the postman who gave Fritz his name and taught him to do tricks. Fritz learned to sit up and beg and to jump over a cane. If any one dropped anything, Fritz would pick it up and bring it back to him at once.

He liked to do these things. He liked to roam about town begging for his meals at kitchen doors. He also liked to watch



people at their work. Fritz would have been quite a happy dog had it not been for one thing. The dog catchers were always looking for stray dogs.

At first when they tried to catch Fritz, he thought it was a game like hide-and-seek. But he soon found out that they were not playing. When they caught Fritz, the dog catchers meant to put him in a

place called *The Pound*. The dog grew very tired of being chased like this. For by and by the dog catchers learned all his favorite hiding places, and he found it hard to keep, out of their way.

One day early in the morning the dog catchers began the chase. They came to the old barn and waked Fritz out of a sound sleep. Off he started down the street. He dodged behind trees and bushes, he jumped over fences, and he hid under porch steps and in dark corners. But every time they found him. Twice they almost caught him.

It was a long, hard chase, but at last, when he was just about ready to give up, he turned a corner and saw the postman coming.

Running up to him, Fritz barked and said, just as plainly as a dog can, "You will save me, won't you?"

"Of course I will," said the postman. He picked up the little dog and put him in

his letter bag. The next moment when the dog catchers came around the corner they couldn't find Fritz anywhere, though they looked and looked. So for a little while he was safe.

But the postman couldn't keep him in his bag, and he couldn't take him home with him either, for he lived in a boarding house where no dogs were allowed. As the postman walked down the street he wished very much that he could find some kind master who would take good care of the little fellow.

Just as he was wishing this along came a circus parade. Flags were flying, music was playing, and horses were prancing. There were lots of wonderful animals in great big cages.

Of course the postman stood still to watch. Fritz wanted to see what was going on, too. He peeked out of the letter bag and saw the circus men and ladies ride by. They were dressed in beautiful spangled



DONN P.
CRANE

Fritz peeked out of the letter bag and saw the circus men and ladies ride by

suits. One of the men carried a bright green parrot on his shoulder. Every time



the music stopped playing, the parrot would call, "Oh, come to the circus! Come on! Come on!"

At the end of the parade was a great big elephant. Behind him, riding in a queer little cart drawn by a tiny mule, Fritz saw the clown. As the clown rode along he threw papers to the crowd which told all about the circus.

Now Fritz did not know that the clown meant to throw the papers out. He thought that he was dropping them. So out of the bag he scrambled and ran down the street. He picked up the first paper he could find and ran after the clown to give it to him. Fritz jumped right into the queer little cart and dropped the paper at the clown's feet.

"Good dog!" cried the clown, patting him kindly. Then he looked over the crowd for Fritz's master.

The postman stepped forward.

"Do you own this little dog?" asked the clown. "If you do, I'd like to buy him."

The postman shook his head. "No," he said, "I do not own him, but he is a friend of mine. I'd like to find a good master for him."

"I'll be good to him if he will come with me," said the clown. "Will you come, little dog?"

Fritz wagged his tail and barked as if to say, "Yes, I'll be glad to." So the postman patted Fritz good-by. Then off he rode in the cart with the clown and joined the circus parade.

The next year when the circus came to town Fritz came back with it. When the postman went to the circus, there in the ring with the clown he saw Fritz. When the clown stood on his head, Fritz stood on *his* head right beside him. When the clown jumped through a paper ring, Fritz followed close at his heels. He had learned a great many tricks in the circus. Everyone thought him a bright dog. The postman could hardly make his friends believe that this was the same little tramp dog who used to run about town.

When the circus was over, the postman went to the clown's tent. There he saw Fritz. The little fellow knew him and was glad to see him. He jumped up on him and barked a happy "How do you do?"

But Fritz did not want to leave the circus and go back to the old tumble-down barn. Nor did the postman want him to, for he knows that Fritz now sleeps on a soft rug beside the clown's bed. Fritz eats from a dish of his own. He is just the happiest little circus dog in world.





"When I grow up," Toro said to himself, "I suppose I shall have to roll logs too"

TORO, THE ELEPHANT

Toro, the little elephant, stood watching his mother and his father and his grandfather. They were rolling long, heavy logs over the ground, then stacking them up in high piles. Every day they went to the edge of the Great Woods to work with the logs. They always took Toro with them. Usually he liked it there in the shade of the big trees. He had a good time running about and playing with the sticks and stones and leaves. But today he just stood and watched the others work.

"When I grow up," he said to himself, "I suppose I shall have to roll logs too, and I don't want to. I don't want to work at all. I'd like to play all the time. So I'm going to—yes, I'm just going to run away."

And so, when no one was looking, off he started, over the plains and through the

woods. By and by, after he had run a long, long time, he grew very hungry. Toro looked about for something to eat. Pretty soon he found a bush full of large, ripe berries.

“Ah!” said Toro, “these look good! They are just what I’d like to have for dinner.”

He reached out his trunk to pick one, but before he could touch it a whole flock of birds settled down on the bush.

“We save these berries for working folk—there isn’t a one for you!” they cried. “There isn’t a one for you!”

“But,” said Toro, “I am very, very hungry.”

“Perhaps you are,” replied the birds, “but no one can eat these berries until he has done some work in the world.”

Little Toro tossed his trunk. “Well, I’m not going to work for them,” he said. “I shall find some more berries.” And he started off again.



He didn't see any more berries, but by and by he came to a tree full of beautiful golden oranges.

"Ah!" he said, "these look good! They are just what I'd like for dinner." He reached out his trunk to pick one, but before he could touch it, up jumped a troop of monkeys.

"We save this fruit for working folk—there isn't a one for you!" they cried. "There isn't a one for you!"

"But," said Toro, "I am very, *very* hungry."

"Perhaps you are," answered the monkeys, "but no one can eat these oranges until he has done some work in the world."

Little Toro tossed his trunk and said, "Well, I'm not going to work for them. I shall find some more oranges." And he started off again.

He did not see any more oranges, but by and by he came to a tall plant full of beautiful ripe bananas.

"Ah!" he said, "these look good! They are just what I'd like for dinner." Then he reached out his trunk to pick one, but before he could touch it a great many chattering squirrels came jumping out of the banana plant.

"We save this fruit for working folk—there isn't a one for you!" they cried. "There isn't a one for you!"

"But I'm nearly starved!" cried little Toro.



“Perhaps you are,” said the squirrels, “but no one can eat these bananas until he has done some work in the world.”

“Dear me!” sighed Toro. “I don’t know what I am going to do! No one will give me anything to eat.”

“Why don’t you go to work?” said the squirrels.

But Toro turned away. He did not want to work.



“Perhaps I shall find more bananas,” he said to himself. He went a long, long way, but he saw nothing more to eat. Finally he found himself in a desert. Here for miles and miles there was nothing but rocks and sand, and then he knew that he was lost. He looked toward the north, he looked toward the south, he looked toward the east and toward the west. But he could see nothing that looked like home.

“I’m hungry, and I’m sleepy, and I’m thirsty, too,” he cried. “I’m as lost as I

can be. Oh! how gladly now I would work if some one would come and find me?"

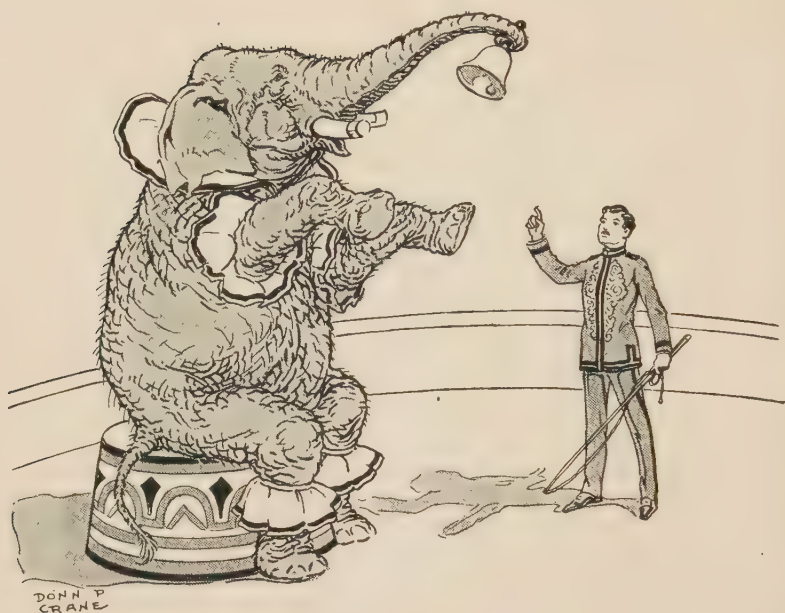
Just then the Great Hunter slid down from a high rock where he had been sitting. He found the little elephant. He could not take Toro back to his mother because he did not know where she lived. But he said that if Toro were willing to work for his board he would find the little elephant a good place to live.

"I'll do anything you tell me if you will only find me a home," said Toro. He did not like being lost a bit.

"Very well, then," said the hunter. "I will take you to the Circus Man. He will be glad to keep you if you will march in the circus parades. When you grow bigger, you can do a great many other things to help him."

"I will," promised Toro. "I will help him all I can."

So the little elephant joined the circus. That was a long, long time ago. Now he



has grown to be a big and wise elephant. He helps the Circus Man in many ways. He always marches in the parades. He lets the Circus Man ride on his back in the circus ring.

Often, too, he lifts heavy things. When any of the large moving wagons are going up a steep hill or over a bad road, he helps them along by pushing.

Now he says he likes to work. Sometimes when the other animals do not want to do their tricks, he will go to them and say, "Children, everyone has his work to do in the world. You will save yourselves a lot of trouble if you go ahead and do it cheerfully."





"Mother," did you ever look over the Long Low Hills?"

THE BABY GIRAFFE

One day while Mother Giraffe ate her breakfast from the top of a mimosa tree, the baby giraffe stood close beside her. Every now and then his mother would give him a tender twig, for he was fond of mimosa twigs.

A short distance away Father and Uncle and Auntie and Cousin Giraffe were eating their breakfasts from the tops of other trees.

It was really wonderful to see how far they could stretch their long necks to reach a juicy bunch of leaves. But the baby giraffe was not watching them. He was looking far off to the left toward the Long Low Hills.

He had eaten his last mimosa twig. "Mother," he said, "did you ever look over the Long Low Hills?"

"Yes," said his mother, "I did."

"And what did you see there?" asked the baby giraffe.

"Men," his mother answered.



"Men!" cried the baby giraffe, pricking up his little pointed ears. "What are men?"

"Men are strange creatures who walk on their hind legs," said his mother. "But come, your father is calling us and we must go."

So the baby giraffe trotted off after his mother. His mother trotted after his father,

and Uncle and Auntie and Cousin Giraffe trotted off side by side.

Pretty soon they came to an old gray buzzard standing on a tall, dry stump. He was flapping his wings and screaming at the top of his voice, "I want my dinner! I want my dinner! I want my dinner!"

Of course it was nowhere near dinner time, but that made no difference with Mr. Buzzard. He kept right on screaming until the baby giraffe came, not very near but near enough to speak to him. Then the buzzard stopped to hear what the little fellow was saying.

"Good morning, sir," said the baby giraffe, "are you a man?"

"A man!" screamed Mr. Buzzard, flying up with a great big flap of his wings. "No, indeed, I'm not a man! Did you ever see a man fly as I can fly?"

"No, I never did," said the baby giraffe. "But, then, I have never seen a man at all."

Before he could say another word, Mr.

Buzzard was far, far away. So the baby giraffe trotted on again after his mother.

Pretty soon they came to a bird of paradise sitting in a tree preening his beautiful feathers.

“Good morning,” said the baby giraffe, stopping just near enough to speak to the bird. “Will you please tell me if you are a man?”

“A man!” cried the bird of paradise sharply. “No, indeed, I’m not a man! Did you ever see a man with such wonderful feathers as I have?”

“No, I never did,” said the baby giraffe. “But, then, I never have seen a man at all.”

Before he could say another word, the bird was preening his feathers again. He seemed so very busy that the baby giraffe thought it best not to trouble him. So he trotted on again after his mother.

Soon they came to a great big boa constrictor, lying curled up on a big flat rock, sleeping in the sun.

"Good morning, sir," said the baby giraffe.

"Oh, good morning," said Mr. Boa Constrictor, lifting his head and opening one eye. "Why, how are you?"



"I am very well, thank you," answered the baby giraffe politely.

Mr. Boa Constrictor slowly uncurled himself and stretched out in the sun. "Anything I can do for you?" asked he.

"N-no," said the baby giraffe, "I think not. I should like to see a man, but I

know you aren't one. You don't stand on your hind legs."

"You are quite right," said the big snake. "I'm not a man, and I don't stand on my hind legs *because*—I have no legs."



And then he laughed, for he thought he had made a joke.

"But," he went on, "if I had four legs and were as curious as you are, I should trot to the top of the Long Low Hills. There I should look over and see all the men I wanted to."

“That is a good idea!” cried the baby giraffe. “Thank you for telling me of it. I shall go at once.”

And this time, instead of trotting off after his mother, he trotted off to the Long Low Hills. Right up the hillside he trotted. He looked over the top of it and down on the other side.

There were lots of lovely green trees there just waiting to be nibbled. At the foot of the hill lay a shining lake. But no men were in sight. Before looking any farther, the baby giraffe thought he would get a drink. So he trotted down to the lake shore. He spread his long front legs far, far apart, because that is the way a giraffe has to do when he wants to reach down. Then he stretched his long neck down between his legs and put his nose in the sweet, fresh water and took a long drink.

He drank and he drank until he couldn't hold another drop. Then he looked up and

there, close beside him, stood the Great Hunter. As soon as the baby giraffe saw him he knew that this was a man. He wanted to run, but before he could get started the Great Hunter caught him.

"Oh-h!" cried the baby giraffe. "What is going to happen to me now?"

"I can't tell yet," answered the hunter. "First I must take you home to my wife. I have always wanted a giraffe for a pet. If she says so, I am going to keep you for my own."

But the moment the hunter's wife saw the giraffe she cried, "Mercy on us! What are you bringing home now? Why, you couldn't begin to get that long neck through the barn doorway! And you haven't a cage to fit him! You'll have to take him to the Circus Man. That is the only thing to do, for he has a place for all sorts of animals and is good to them."

"You are quite right," said the Great Hunter. "I'm ever so sorry to part with



him, but since we have no place that will fit him, of course he'll have to go."

So the Great Hunter led the baby giraffe away to the circus. Every day now the baby giraffe can see all the men he wants to. But he is not nearly so curious about them as he used to be.

His place in the circus is right beside the camel. He is a quiet, well-behaved young giraffe and is growing up nicely.

But he often thinks of the mimosa trees at home. He longs to taste them again. So, sometime when you go to the circus, if you could possibly take him a few mimosa leaves he would be ever so grateful.



